

Hatchet

Koe Wetzel

Said that we'd sleep on it, but still, we wake up mad
Maybe that's how gardens grow, you plant the good with the bad
No one here is innocent, we all fall off the track
We could bury every hatchet, hope the love starts growing back

And maybe it'll be okay, but we can't pray this all away
How we gonna stop the rain and bring on back them summer days?
We got no idea what the future has in store
Maybe love-stained tears is the best we can hope for
But I can't change your mind, wish that I could take it back
We could bury every hatchet, but we can't bury the past

Sit down at the table, the tension in the air
You all dressed in silence while my mind runs here and there
Scared to break the standstill, but we need some kind of truce
We could bury every hatchet, but we can't pull up the roots

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